

# THE GREAT KICKAPOO INDIAN REMEDIES.



INDIAN SAGWA,

INDIAN OIL.

INDIAN WORM KILLER.

25251

met 5



### PRELUDE.

I am Chieftain of the Nation  
Of the Kickapoos; and station,  
High as mine, is indication  
Of a purpose high and grand!

With the Indian Sagwa dealing,  
And the Indian Oil so healing,  
Indian Worm Killer revealing,  
Come I to the white man's land!



CANTO THE FIRST.

Once a maiden had the mumps, sir,  
And her face it was a sight ;  
Both her cheeks were awful lumps, sir,  
And she truly was a fright !

Doctors came, and all assured her  
That her fate was manifest ;  
Indian came, and quickly cured her  
With the Indian Sagwa blest !



Dreadful dropsy dragged a duchess  
Down the depths of dire distress ;  
Grew, did she, while in its clutches,  
Bigger than a cider press !

And her " tootsies," once so winning,  
Grew to fill a twenty shoe ;  
Indian Sagwa had its inning—  
Now she wears a number two !



With the chills, and with the fever,  
Uncle Ned was quite used up ;  
Thinner grew than butcher's cleaver,  
Or a fancy greyhound pup !

But the Sagwa, health-infolder,  
Met, and tackled Uncle Ned ;  
Rotund as an office-holder  
Soon he grew from sick abed !





Dreadful gout had harnessed Wigger,  
Who would take his frequent dram;  
Bigger grew his toe, aye, bigger  
Than a Cincinnati ham !

With his foot upon a pillow,  
Sat the victim poor of gout ;  
But the chieftain, Umadillo,  
With the Sagwa, " knocked it out !"



Shadkins, and his wife named Casta,  
Suffering from ailments sore,  
Hanged themselves across a rafter,  
Thus to reach the "golden shore!"

But the chieftain to the dwelling  
Came, and saw and cut them down ;  
With the Sagwa he was selling  
Filled them up and "did them brown."





Hypochondriac was Jarrod,  
Thought he was an elephant,  
And a trunk he ever carried,  
Though it made him puff and pant!

But a single, single bottle  
Of the Sagwa—draught of peace!—  
Poured adown his willing throttle,  
Brought him down to a valise!



### CANTO THE SECOND.

A yellow East India tycoon,  
Once fought with a brindle baboon ;  
He was knocked quickly out in three  
    rounds, or about,  
As dead, they all thought, as the moon.  
  
The Indian Oil chieftain "Fair Hand,"  
Was trailing along through the land ;  
And he rubbed the tycoon with the Oil,  
    and quite soon  
He danced a live jig on the sand !



There was an old man of Duluth,  
Who, wishing to get at the truth,  
Dived into a well, as the chronicles tell,  
And bruised himself badly, forsooth !

He battered his nose and his chin,  
And barked most severely his shin ;  
But the great Indian `Oil, which all bruises  
will foil,  
Soon brought him a wholly new skin.



A gent, who was one of Siam's  
Best citizens, had the jim-jams  
Clear up to the hub ; and made a hubbub  
By driving two sacred black rams !

His head was cut off by the king,  
Delighting in that sort of thing,  
But the Indian Oil man, with a two gallon  
can,  
Restored the man's head, as they sing !



A lady who lived in Calcutta,  
Was just too exceedingly utter ;  
Yet as red was her hair as a fox anywhere,  
And, heavens and earth, how she'd  
stutter !

Alas, for this lady, named Hoyle,  
Her nose grew a wonderful boil ;  
As her hair 'twas as red, and as big as a  
sled,  
Yet cured by the great Indian Oil.



A snake bit a bitter old maid,  
Her heel was the place of the raid,  
And her foot it swelled up like a New-  
foundland pup,  
When down she kerflummuxed and  
prayed !

The Indian Oil man said he'd take  
The poison right out in a shake ;  
And he did, I can tell, the old maid get-  
ting well ;  
The snake ? oh, the bite killed the snake !





Cried Dutchy, "Mein hairs haf growed  
oud

More dhin as nein hairs vas, aboud ;  
More as dhin as der bier dot dhey meket  
'boud here,

Und where I shall got him do sbroud?"

The chieftain, with Oil good and strong,  
Rubbed Dutchy's bald head, right or  
wrong ;

Very soon grew the hair, thick as that of  
a bear,

And full forty-four inches long !



### CANTO THE THIRD.

Oh, what are the mermothers saying,  
The waves with their tresses a-playing?  
I'll tell you, no longer delaying:

“Supreme is the Indian Worm Killer!”

Far down on the ranches of Texas,  
In swamp-lands of Skootookomexas,  
In cities of eastern Silexas,  
Sing mothers of Indian Worm Killer.



A child had the worms and would double  
All up in a heap with her trouble ;  
With joy doth the mother now bubble,  
The worms were knocked out by Worm  
Killer.

A young and most beautiful daughter,  
By worms driven on to self-slaughter,  
Jumped into a pail of cold water—  
Was saved by the Indian Worm Killer.



A tape-worm, exceedingly taper,  
Full forty rods long, said the paper,  
From out a girl's mouth in New Draper,  
Was forced by the Indian Worm Killer!


A woman once swallowed a lizard,  
While drinking, and fancied a blizzard  
Was racking and whacking her gizzard,  
Knocked out was the liz by Worm Killer.

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To the truth of all these thrilling narratives I swear—by  
gosh!

A. T.'s SON.





A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

**'Round the World in 40 Minutes!**

BY ALFRED TENNY'S SON.